

## By-and-Bye.

There's a little mischief-maker,  
That is stealing half our bliss,  
Sketching pictures in a dream-land  
That are never seen in this.  
Dashing from the lips the pleasure  
Of the present while we sigh,  
You may know this mischief-maker,  
For his name is by-and-bye.  
He is sitting by your heartstrings,  
With his eye, bewitching glance,  
Whispering of the coming morrow  
As the social hours advance.  
Luring, and our calm reflections,  
Hiding forms of beauty nigh;  
He's a smooth, deceitful fellow,  
This mischief-maker, by-and-bye.  
You may know him by his winning,  
By his careless, sportive air,  
By his eye, seductive presence,  
That is straying everywhere;  
By trophies that he gathers  
Where his somber victims lie,  
For a bold, determined fellow  
Is this conqueror, by-and-bye.  
When the calls of duty haunt us,  
And the present seems to fade,  
All the time that even mortals  
Snatch from dark eternity,  
Then a fairy hand seems painting  
Pictures on a painted sky,  
For a cunning little artist  
Is the fairy, by-and-bye.  
"By-and-Bye," the wind is singing,  
"By-and-Bye," the leaves are sighing,  
But the phantom just above us  
Ere we grasp it ever dies,  
Lies not in the life chamber,  
Scorn the very shadow lie—  
Do not believe that lie—  
This deceiver, by-and-bye.

## IN A TUNNEL.

"That will do nicely," said Ruth Mayhew, receiving her last package through the car window from Mr. Perkins on the platform.  
"Write us how you get along, Ruth. If you want to spare you a spell in the summer we'll be glad to see you. You know, my dear, a Miss Curtin with a bunch of babies from her garden. Harry! Harry! you'll be late, sure's the world, Miss Curtin."  
Thus spoke the group at the depot in shrill chorus as the locomotive, every plate burnished and dashing, which had snarled quietly for minutes, started, imparting a jerking wrench to the cars, and then the long snake of a train glided smoothly away.  
"She takes it first-rate," commented Mr. Perkins, wiping his brow with a red handkerchief.  
Then he climbed into his rusty carriage, drawn by a meek white horse; the others returned along the village street to resume separate avocations, and the event of the day was over. Ruth Mayhew had departed from the home of her youth, and the place would know her no more forever.  
The struggle had been a hard one, but she bore it well, as Mr. Perkins averred. She did not look once at the white house on the hill where death had robbed her of parents and shelter, because even her fortitude could not be trusted to witness the Smalls moving in. What was before her? Life with Aunt Harriet in a close sick-chamber, slave of an invalid's caprices, and grateful for daily bread. Oh, the long dreary years, with nothing but old age in advance!  
She took a small pocket-mirror from her bag, and gazed vaguely into its depths. The reflected image was by no means unattractive. She was not as young as she had once been, yet her features were good, her complexion rosy, her eyes clear, and her physique robust. Moreover she was carefully and becomingly attired, and her chignon was of the latest style. Nevertheless a sigh welled up from her heart when she gazed in the glass, not altogether in unreasonable dissatisfaction with her present appearance; still the past had had disappointments, and the future with Aunt Harriet was without promise. Away back in the vista of summers she beheld herself, a fanciful girl, building cloud-castles out of the sunset glories. One springtime was brighter and more fragrant than the rest; around it still bloomed flowers of regretful memories, blossoms without earthly semblance in the cold, bleak climate where Ruth lived, because sprung from the richest sources of humanity.  
A brave young missionary had urged a heedless girl to go with him to the hot countries among the heathen, and the girl, to whom the world seemed a vast treasure-house of gifts, had flung her young missionary, and he had silently departed without complaint to return no more. Then Ruth had shed tears in secret, bitterly remorseful tears, and turned her back capriciously on the well-to-do farmers of her acquaintance.  
"Got a cinder in yer eye?" inquired a sharp voice in our traveler's ear.  
The latter awoke from her reverie with a start, and turned to her questioner with a guilty blush suffusing her cheek. She, Ruth Mayhew, of middle age, caught looking in the glass. Her interlocutor was a brisk, bright little old lady in a faded shawl and an antiquated bonnet of the coal scuttle pattern. She carried on her arm a black silk bag which seemed to contain unlimited stores of snuff and peppermint drops. Encircling her venerable old throat was a necklace of beautiful old beads delicately wrought. These beads, an heirloom in her family, descending to her through long generations, had been worn by her since early youth, and so much of superstition is associated with such relics in the mind of the possessor, that the old lady would have dreaded immediate misfortune had she lost them. Such was her child-like faith in her fellow creatures that she never dreamed of parting with her treasures.  
"I can get it out quick as a wink, child," she continued, eagerly, settling her spectacles, and spreading out a soft silk handkerchief, with the intention of applying it to Ruth's eye.  
"No, thank you, it is nothing," said Ruth, hastily popping the glass back into a hiding-place.  
Thus foiled, the old lady relapsed into silence, although she could not remain quiet long. She jerked her head about quickly to observe different objects with a sparrow-like motion, and becoming

absorbingly interested in Ruth, she peered at trimmings, even testing the quality of a ribbon furtively with a critical forefinger and thumb. Age had chiseled wrinkles, innumerable fine lines, in the intelligent face, had whitened the scanty hair, and robbed the sunken mouth of teeth, yet the vital forces seemed unimpaired. She was like a queer little gray bird hopping along to peck a crumb of information everywhere.  
"I wonder who she is, and where she's going!" pondered the old lady, her busy brain having unsuccessfully twisted Ruth around the whirling wheel of minute investigation. Then she bobbed up abruptly, and skipped into the seat beside the object of her interest with an apologetic, "Guess I'll change my place, if you don't mind, and get out of the draught from that window. Old folks have to be kinder keener about draughts."  
Miss Mayhew graciously assented, and her neighbor was delighted with the success of her stratagem.  
"Live in these parts?" small beady eyes twinkling all over her companion interrogatively.  
"Yes. Have you come far?"  
"Far! I guess so! I left my darter's home in Indiana day before yesterday. I've seen sights of things. My son-in-law, Marthy's husband, is a lumber merchant, you know, out West. Yes, the winter's been cold, some. We had Bible classes and lectures, and once there came a panoply of New York Jabez took me. Hey you been there? Most as good as seeing it for yourself, the panoply was. Come home alone! Law, yes! Made my way right along as easy as could be. I stopped overnight at Montreal, in Canada, at a great hotel, and the clerk gave me a snug little room, so's I felt real to him. There's a big bridge—the Victory bridge, they call it there. I see it. I've been a good piece on the Grand Turk railroad, too."  
The old lady had traversed all this distance safely, enjoying every hour of the journey, and she was now turning her face homeward to a farm nestled among the hills.  
"My son lives in the other side of the house, and does all the chores about the farm. I take care of myself," she explained, with the curious simplicity of a nature that confided all its private affairs to strangers, never dreaming of doubting that their interest equaled her own in discussing their personal history.  
Ruth's sympathy was aroused. This sympathy cost her dear. Three hours later she was standing alone on the crowded platform of a large railway terminus, where locomotives dashed frantically about, and anxious passengers vociferated loudly, with her own train disappearing in the distance, and a string of gold beads in her hand.  
It happened thus: Ruth and her new friend hobbled delightedly. The old lady was particularly pleased to discover that among the many good things prepared for the other's journey by friendly hands were crisp turn-overs, generous slices of dried-apple pie, and doughnuts.  
"Seems like him," she declared, with a sigh of satisfaction. "Couldn't get any cake nor pie in Canada. They said they had plenty of beef and beer, but I don't need nothin' quite so hearty."  
Born of the same race, subjected to the same influences of a harsh, cold climate, the English resident of Canada supplies generous fuel for the machinery of life, while the Yankee native of New England more grudgingly lubricates his busy mechanism of his economy, at the same time extorting the greatest possible amount of labor from his slave—the body.  
The train panned at a station, and a young man strode into the car. Miss Ruth's attention became instantly centered in him. It was not because of the beauty of his black mustache that she observed him, nor his oily ripples, flashy waistcoat, and resplendent watch-chain. It was simply because his evil, snaky eye, wandering carelessly over the passengers, pounced on the unconscious old lady.  
"You will bear witness, then?" thought the younger woman. Then she talked warningly of thieves and pickpockets, at which the old lady looked much bewildered.  
The train rushed into a tunnel, a dark, chilly hole that seemed to open a yawning mouth, in itself stationary and soulless, to engulf life and motion. A tiny blue flame crackled; the old lady had lighted a bit of tallow candle, using her hand for a candlestick.  
"I got scared in these tunnels," she said, and held the candle so that Ruth and herself were framed in a vivid radiance.  
The former, keeping her eyes steadfastly fixed on the snaky young man seated behind, detected a stealthy movement of his hand toward the old lady's neck, where hung the family gold beads. A sudden danger (emanating from the snaky young man) flared out the candle, a scuffle and rush ensued amidst confused exclamations, and Miss Mayhew launched into active combat with the foe.  
"Thieves!" she shrieked.  
"Oh, murder!" gasped the old lady, first receiving a blow over the head that crushed her bonnet away, and then feeling as if a great many shaws had tumbled over her.  
"What is the matter?" echoed on all sides in the terrible darkness.  
"Oh, oh!" screamed Ruth again.  
"The wretch! The scamp! Help me to hold him. He is twisting my hand horribly."  
"Let me go," growled the snaky young man, and giving himself a serpentine screw, he eluded the nervous clutch of his captor's fingers.  
"He's gone! Do catch him," she panted.  
The wildest commotion ensued. Everybody else feeling that it devolved upon each as men and brothers to do something, and succeeding only in creating inextinguishable confusion. None of the passengers had the vaguest idea what had happened. Each man grappled with his neighbor, suspecting him of some deadly villainy in that obscure night.  
"I have got him," cried a cheerful voice from the door, proceeding from a store of the human tide surged to and fro, yet these two saw nothing of the confusion about them. He was journeying toward the

sault. But when the light dawned to a comforting brightness again the stout gentleman was found to hold captive an innocent and much-injured newspaper and pop-corn boy, who had entered the car just in the nick of time to be made prisoner, while the thief slid noiselessly away to vanish forever. Then each passenger was morally certain that the thief had crept past him while he was pursuing the respectable gentleman opposite, and the newsboy was sure of all that he had been propelled into their midst by some unseen power on the platform. The inevitable result of so much excitement was a chilling doubt if Miss Mayhew's alarm had not been only a woman's scare after all.  
"Look at her for yourself," she said, indignantly, reading skepticism on every side.  
The old lady's appearance was certainly flustered and battered, while her beautiful beads were lying in her lap. Ruth replaced them preparatory to her getting out at the crowded terminus where she changed cars. The old lady flustered away almost before the train had stopped, and when she had been gone five minutes Miss Mayhew rattled the beads on the floor with a sudden crash. The thief had weakened the clasp in his efforts to secure them. Something must be done. In vain she appealed to selfish men; they were too good to lose their places. Much good, but vague advice was volunteered about keeping the necklace until she could forward it some time, which she cut short with a decisive:  
"I will do it myself."  
The emergency required prompt action, and she was equal to the emergency. Without a moment's hesitation she rushed out.  
"How long do we stop?" she inquired of a brakeman, who exhaled hot oil from his very countenance.  
"Twenty minutes," replied the brakeman, surely incited by the evil one.  
Where, oh, where will that brakeman go when he dies? Was his conscience deadened as well as his outer ear by the din of his life; or did he view with indifference the possibility of any future state being worse than the pandemonium of his present existence? Our traveler was immediately beset by a crowd of clamorous lackeys desirous of driving her out of her wit, if not to the end of the earth. Escaping this snare, she fell into another of babies and dusty parents. How many tender innocents are upset in her haste, thus increasing the general uproar, Ruth, although naturally humane, never knew.  
Everywhere a hopeless blockade of baggage, trunks and struggling humanity—everywhere insane panic of hurry in the fear of being left behind. The bewildered woman could not approach within ear-shot of the perspiring ticket master, whose sufficed face glared vengefully through his pigeon-hole as he snatched about the incoherent questions of distressed passengers. If she could only ascertain where the old lady had gone!  
"Which is the Locust Valley train?" she asked of a baggage man who was pausing to take breath after lifting a Saratoga trunk of gigantic dimensions.  
The baggage man, with agonizing deliberation, roared his great lungs on his lips, thrust a quid of tobacco into his cheek, stared at his interlocutor, and said:  
"Hey!"  
Miss Ruth repeated her question with the energy of despair.  
"Where do you want to go?" inquired the baggage man, warily.  
And then it became a painfully evident fact that where Miss Mayhew wanted to go and where she was going were two widely sundered matters, for she beheld her train in motion. To rush toward it, to signal blindly—as if the insensate monster would stop!—to be held back from jumping on board in a gentlemanly fashion, and then to be left gasping blankly into space—that was her experience. A voice came back on the wind:  
"I will keep your things for you."  
To inveigh bitterly against the deceitfulness of brakemen was an impulse which our unfortunate lady checked with true dignity of character.  
"I will find the old lady at all events," she decided, "even though she should prove the proverbial needle in that haystack of a depot."  
There never were so many trains looking exactly alike, and apparently heading in the same direction, with their engines prancing aimlessly up and down. Oh, the satisfaction of at length beholding a familiar old face, spectacles on nose, beaming behind a window. Miss Mayhew dashed frantically forward, waving the necklace aloft. The old lady started, felt instinctively at her throat, and began to fumble no less frantically at the closed sash. Variance and springs defied her. Horrors!  
The train, after dawdling any length of time, at this inauspicious moment concluded to move. It was a pleasant sight to behold Miss Mayhew racing along the platform, casting dignity to the winds, and the old lady on the verge of apoplexy within the car in her efforts to raise the window. How the people stared, to be sure! But Miss Mayhew did not care. She was long past personal sensitiveness, and when the sash finally yielded, just as she reached the extreme edge of the platform, she threw in the beads, and retiring, seated herself on a carpetbag to burst into tears. Her courage completely failed her; the weak, ally, feminine sobs would come.  
A gentleman had approached to claim the carpetbag. He was tall, bronzed, and bearded, and he wore a scarf about his throat of some curious Eastern fabric. Miss Mayhew, the tension of excitement having snapped, was left as weak as an infant. Her pocket had been cut, and her portmanteau was gone. Had she, in securing her companion's safety, fallen a victim to the snaky young man herself? She now rose, making some confused apology for the condition of her late throne, the carpetbag.  
"Ruth Mayhew!" exclaimed the stranger. "I cannot be mistaken. Surely you wear my gift, the little brooch, silver and pearls."  
With a startled expression of wonder she looked up into his face, and read joy in the eyes of her once young missionary. The locomotive shrieked, and the human tide surged to and fro, yet these two saw nothing of the confusion about them. He was journeying toward the

white house on the hill, which was to be his first pilgrimage in his native land, and would have missed her had she not pursued the old lady with the gold beads.  
"How did you recognize me?" said Ruth Mayhew, flushed and trembling, all the independence of later years utterly gone.  
"I should have known you anywhere in the world," said the Rev. John Atherton, from Algeria.  
Entre nous, I believe he recalled the familiar brooch before he did the wearer. However, that is none of our affair, since she was perfectly satisfied with the reply. The result of this meeting was that Aunt Harriet lost her nurse, and the foreign missions gained a cheerful, earnest worker, after all.  
Flocking to the City.  
A correspondent of a city paper tells about the great desire on the part of young men to leave the country and flock to the city. The city is full of palaces, he says; but all these do not contain millionaires. Indeed, many a one among them is the witness of pecuniary struggles which would amaze the farmer, and from which he may be thankful he is spared. Closet skeletons do not all congregate among what are called the poor; they hold high revel in the proud avenues of this fair city as well as in its meanest streets.  
The great cities, it must be confessed, offer, as a rule, great advantages; but they demand, in great capital. A young man going into them first should choose a time when business is alive, not dead; when there is a demand for more, instead of thousands clamoring for the one chance. Then, to succeed, and avoid shipwreck in great financial and commercial centers, he must be possessed of unusual energy and judgment and patience; must have an unswerving sense of probity and an unshrinking devotion to the fulfillment of all contracts and obligations. Those two opposite qualities, boldness and caution—qualities which all men do not possess—are also indispensable in the long run, to city success. Boldness enough to undertake operations sufficiently vast to meet the large cost of a great business—caution enough to administer this business so as to keep in check the temptations to enter into doubtful transactions or to contract with those unworthy the fullest confidence and trust.  
But if young men leave their country homes without those high aspirations which are to consummate in the great merchant's or the great editor's career, and ask simply to find an obscure place, jogging along evenly with the noisy crowd, I should still say: "Better stay at home; there are many rough jobs even in what is called jogging along in a big city. There stands more than one scholar here, measuring goods behind the counter of a retail store; and more than one New York car conductor built for himself a higher place in his castle than he has found. Better remain at home and fit yourself into an honorable and useful place there, rather than rush impulsively to the great city, to find numberless others, equally worthy, lamenting their fallen lot, or standing altogether idle."  
How It Is Done.  
A certain noble lord, relates a contemporary, remarkable for the carelessness of his dress, went personally to pay his tailor's bill. Being unknown by sight to the new manager, who received the money, that worthy mistook him for a servant, and, having cast his eyes over the account and receipted it, he handed the supposed servant a sovereign, at the same time delivering himself after this fashion: "Now, there's a sovereign for yourself, and it's your own fault that it's not two. But you don't wear out your master's clothes half quick enough. He ought to have had double the amount in the time; and I tell you it's worth your while to use a harder brush." With a queer smile his lordship answered: "Well, I don't know; I think my brush is a pretty hard one, too—his lordship complains of it, anyhow." "Pooh! Hard! Not a bit of it. Now, can I put you up to a wrinkle that'll put many a sovereign into your pocket. Look here," fetching a piece of wood from the shelf behind him, "you see that bit of stick; now that's roughened on purpose. You take that and give your master's coat a good scrubbing with it about the elbows and shoulders every day, and give the trousers a touch about the knees, and you'll soon wear 'em out him, and, as I say, it will be a good five pounds in your pocket every year. We shan't forget you, don't be afraid. 'You are very kind,' quoth his lordship, with a comical grin. "I will impart your instructions to my valet, though I fear for the future, while he remains in my service, he will not be able to profit by them; as I shall not trouble you with my custom. I am Lord ———. I wish you good day."

## Forests and Rainfall.

The question of the influence of forests on the hydrology of a region is one that has been warmly discussed. Some men of science—Beaumont, for example—hold that forests increase the amount of water received by the soil, while others—Marshall Valliant among them—assert that forests diminish the quantity. Some savans, such as M. Mathieu, sub-director of the Nancy school of forestry, have endeavored, by way of experiment, to get together such facts as might, if they did not set the question at rest, at least clear up some points and supply a portion of the experimental data needed for a full explanation at some future time. M. Mathieu undertook to "determine the amount of rain water received by the soils of two neighboring districts, one of them covered with timber and the other arable land; and to find out whether, in consequence of the covering of trees which interrupts the rain water, the soil of the woodland is as abundantly watered as that of the open." His conclusion was that timbered soils receive as much and more rain water than the open country.  
The Kansas people have tested the qualities of grasshoppers as an article of food and pronounce them, after being boiled in water to clean them, and fried in butter, to be quite palatable, and even good eating, like small fish.

A Touching Story.  
A very touching and beautiful story comes from the East concerning the Princess Marceline Czartorska, who recently died in Galicia. Her little grandson fell ill and his life was despaired of. The dowager in a sublime prayer asked God to take her life in place of that of her grandson. By a sort of miracle the child was saved; almost immediately the princess was attacked by a malady of languor of which it was impossible to ascribe any natural cause.  
"It is a debt I owe to Heaven," she smiled, faintly. A few days later, upon a radiant afternoon, she had herself rolled out in her easy-chair on the lawn, and gave orders to have all the doors and gates of the garden opened so that everybody might enter. When the villagers heard of it they at once left their tasks. Old men and women, young men and maidens and little children, pressed about the dying princess, who had long been like a mother to them, for she held the old-fashioned notion that the people are the family of the sovereign. Then began a most touching ceremony. The children came first. Drawing the youngest one into her arms, she embraced it, saying: "Let this kiss fall again upon you all, my dear friends." Then she gave to each child a medallion, bearing the evangelical words: "Love one another." After the children came the young girls and women. To each of them she gave a little case containing implements for needlework and a chaplet and an image of the blessed Mary. To the men she gave an ebony cross, and for each gift and recipient she had appropriate words. When she had extended her last present she was so exhausted that her son and daughter-in-law, who stood by her, wished to have her wheeled back in the house, but she said no. She then begged the people to recite in a loud voice the Domical orison. Then at a sign from her hand they all knelt, and their voices in fervent tones broke out in the recital of the Lord's Prayer. As the amen still echoed in the air she felt death invading her heart, and, whispering "Marcel," the name of her grandson, the child was brought, and as he was being carried to her lips her head dropped upon her breast, and without a sigh she rendered her soul to God. So much for a scene that seems taken from a poem—an ideal state of society that one can hardly reconcile with the present.

## The Digger Indians.

The wigwags of the Digger Indians are built throughout of redwood bark, and are round in shape, which can better be explained by saying that they are in the shape of a bowl upside down, with a smaller one placed also upside down on top. There are no windows, and aside from the aperture for entrance, which is about two feet square, and a small opening at the top to allow the smoke to escape, there is no opening to this conical-shaped inclosure. To enter one of these huts it becomes necessary to get down and crawl in. Once inside a strange sight greets the eye. The majority of both sexes go perfectly naked, and, being scrupulously particular, each one does his or her own cooking. They sleep in a circle in hollow places in the ground, with feet to the center. Their cooking apparatus, which consists of good-sized rocks hollowed out, is in convenient reach, and the Digger need not rise to prepare his breakfast. The food consists of bread made from acorns, which are first buried, then roasted, and are first made into mush, and then water and sugar. This bread is said to be very nourishing. Their mode of preparing squirrel, hare, etc., is to take them just as when killed, pound them to a jelly, and then roast them. Another article of food, very common with them, is known as the "fish worm." The Digger is an inveterate gambler, and his principal game is very simple, consisting of holding both hands behind him, in one of which is a stick, while another bets he can tell in which hand he holds it. It is stated that they scorn cheating, and after the bets are made, never change the stick from one hand to the other. Their money consists of little round shells with a hole in the center, which one of their number is selected to manufacture. No counterfeiting is ever attempted. Each shell represents about a half cent of American money, and is taken by their tribe as greedily as gold.

## The Interior of the Ocean.

The popular ideas with regard to the sinking of bodies in the sea have usually been quite unscientific. Some have theorized to the effect that, in the case of ships which founder at sea, they sink to a certain depth and then float about until broken to pieces or thrown upon banks beneath the sea—indeed, a book was some time ago published, sustaining this idea. Others, again, argue that the buoyant force of the water at great depths is enormous, and due to the whole pressure of the water above, and that all bodies which are lighter than water at the surface will, if sunk to the bottom and detached from the sinker, float upward with a great velocity, or, in other words, that the density of the water increases directly with the depth. Now, it is proved by the most reliable investigations that, though the pressure increases with the depth—upon the amount of fifteen pounds upon every square inch for every thirty-four feet in depth—the density is not thereby increased sensibly, owing to the incompressibility of the water, so that, in reality, neither the buoyant force nor the resistance to the motion of any body, is sensibly augmented from the surface to the bottom.  
At the depth of 3,000 fathoms, for instance, the pressure upon a square inch is nearly 8,000 pounds, but the column of 18,000 feet is only shortened about sixty feet. The density is thus but slightly increased, but the effect of such enormous pressure upon compressible bodies—as air, wood, etc.—is to compress them into a smaller bulk, by which they may be rendered heavier than water, and will sink of their own weight. A piece of wood cannot sink to the bottom of the ocean, but a very slight extraneous force will bring it to the surface.  
Toledo has no public pound for cows, and cows have to be privately packed with bee handles and dray stakes.

John Todd's Reformation.  
It not infrequently happens that when prayers, and entreaties, and shame, suffering, and degradation, have failed to check a man in his down-hill course, some incident seemingly changes the whole current of his life. I have such an incident in mind. You may know my hero John Todd. A few yet living will know him by another name.  
John Todd had sunk very low. Once he had been gay, handsome, and happy. When he made Mary Somers his wife, there was not a young man in our village whose prospects seemed brighter. But the demon of drink seized him. It was a gradual growing of appetite, and a gradual going down. Wife and children were neglected; true friends were forsaken; the low and the debased were his chosen companions, and poverty and want fell upon his household.  
For months and years his friends tried to save John Todd. They expostulated, they prayed, they begged, they reasoned, but all to no avail; and at length they gave it up.  
One night, quivering and shaking, with not a penny in his pocket, John Todd entered his dilapidated home, and asked his wife for liquor. She told him there was not a drop in the house. He cursed her savagely, and then commenced to search, professing to believe that she had liquor hidden away somewhere. At length, away back on one of the shelves of a small locker over the fire-place he found a bottle, the contents of which smelled like rum. As he raised it to his lips his wife, who had been watching him, sprang forward and dashed the bottle from his hand, shivering it upon the hearth.  
With a fierce oath John Todd smote his wife to the floor, sprang upon the broken glass, and then staggered away to his bed. He would not go out again, for he had no money.  
On the following morning his oldest child, a girl of twelve years, came to his bedside.  
"O, papa, do you know what you did last night?"  
He had a dim recollection, but made no reply.  
"You knocked poor mamma down, and cut her badly."—  
"Aye, child, she—she—"  
"She saved your life, papa. That was poison in the bottle you were holding to your lips—a most dreadful poison."  
"Poison, child!"  
"Yes; don't you remember what grandma sent over for mamma to kill bugs with? It was corrosive sublimate and alcohol!"  
John Todd sank back upon his pillow, and did not get up until noon. When he arose he was very weak and tremulous. He dressed himself and went out into the kitchen, where he saw his wife standing by the fire-place, with a napkin bound around her head. He went to her side, and laid his hand upon her shoulder. She turned and looked into his face, but he did not speak. He only kissed her, and then went out.  
Only kissed her! What did it mean? Mary Todd caught her hands over her heart to crush back the sudden, surging hope. It was madness to hope now. And yet, with the impulse of the kiss upon her cheek, and with memory of the look that had accompanied it, she sank upon her knees and wept and prayed.  
John Todd went away into the woods, where he wandered until nightfall, and with the last gleaming of the setting sun he was upon his knees, his palsied hands reverently folded, speaking a vow to Heaven that his home should be once more happy if he could make it so.  
Out of the darkness of desolation, even in the midst of ruin, comes the angel of hope and promise to the stricken home. Mary heard, and saw, and took heart, and gave her smile and blessing to the work.  
That was twenty years ago. John Todd has kept the faith from that day to this. He is beloved, respected, and honored wherever he is known; and a happier woman than his wife is not to be found anywhere.—Ledger.

## A Lawyer's Epitaph.

At the sixteenth annual commencement of Columbia College law school, which was recently held, diplomas were conferred upon two hundred and ten students. In his address to the graduating class Professor Dwight counseled them to refrain from all trickery, and disabuse their minds of the idea that sharpness was legal ability. He remarked: "If the truth were told of some lawyers," their epitaph would read: "Here lies ———, who for fifty years was an expert in legal finesse, outwitting his adversaries, hoodwinking his clients, and making use of confidential communications for his own advantage; he entered hundreds of snap judgments, and abounded in legal devices, submitting to many rebukes from the court with becoming composure, making no rash reply, but refraining from any expression that would interfere with the future performance of similar acts; he amassed a large fortune and died; his gratified heirs have erected this monument to suggest to those of his generation that never know him that he once lived, though those who have experienced him," favors will not fail to remember him." To such an epitaph as this who would be bold enough to add: "And of such is the kingdom of heaven."

## All From Rags.

It is stated in *Les Mondes*, that one of the wealthiest English velvet manufacturers, Mr. Lister, worked his way into success by years of patient labor in search of a way to utilize silk rags. He began by buying up all such waste at less than a cent a pound, and up to the year 1864 he had expended the immense sum of \$1,300,000 in fruitless efforts to find a process. Nothing daunted, however, he continued his experiments, and within the past ten years has discovered a method of converting such refuse into velvet of the finest quality. He now carries on this industry in England, in an establishment which employs some four thousand workmen, and hundreds of travelers are also employed whose sole business is to buy the silk waste, and this they do in all parts of the globe. The factory is said to have cost nearly \$3,000,000.

The Battle of Bunker Hill.  
Appropos of the Bunker Hill centennial, Oliver Wendell Holmes has written a long poem, in which he gives us the story of the fight as told by an old lady to her grandchild. She is pictured as a young girl living in a town adjacent to Bunker Hill, who goes into the village church steeply with others to witness the battle, and vividly describes the assaults and retreats of the "red coats" in their endeavors to force the "rebels" out of the fortification; the burning of Charlestown, and the final retreat of the patriots "like the swimmers from a wreck." On her return home she finds on the floor of the house a youth bleeding from a wound in the chest, but we will let her finish the account to the children:  
"Who the youth was, what his name was, where the place from which he came was, Who had brought him from the battle, and had left him at our door, He could not seem to tell us; but 'twas one of our brave fellows. As the housewife plainly showed us which the dying soldier wore."  
"For they all thought he was dying, as they gathered round him crying— And they said, 'Oh, how they'll miss him!' and, 'What will his mother do?' Then, his eyelids just unclosing, like a child's that has been dreaming, He faintly murmured, 'Mother!'—and—I saw his eyes were blue."  
—"Why grandma, how you wink!"—"Ah, my child, it sets me thinking Of a story not like this one. Well, he somehow lived along; So we came to know each other, and I nursed him like a mother. Till at last he stood before me, tall and rosy-cheeked, and strong."  
"And we sometimes walked together in the pleasant summer weather?"  
"Please to tell us what his name was?" "Just your own, my little dear— There's his picture Copley painted; we became so well acquainted, That—in short, that's why I'm grandma, and you children all are here!"  
Items of Interest.  
Whispers of summer—The street sweepers.  
More people die from hate than from love.  
A defective memory overlooks a multitude of sins.  
There is no philosophy that can convince a man to the contrary when he knows he is hungry.  
London market gardeners pay \$200 per acre yearly rent for lands they cultivate, and their average profits are \$500 per acre.  
"Heaven's Own" is the name of a new Nevada town where a railroad passenger saw a woman pinning her husband to the fence with a pitchfork.  
"Are those scraps all one scent?" inquired a lady of a juvenile salesman. "No, ma'am, they're all ten cents," replied the innocent youngster.  
An English publishing firm has adopted the singular device of giving copies of its new books to the public libraries to create a demand among readers.  
The army won in Alexandria, Ill., is destroying crops at a fearful rate. One farm of 150 acres of corn was destroyed in a few hours, although forty men fought them.  
The largest lumber raft on record was towed down the Missouri river the other day. It was fourteen strings wide, sixteen cribs long, and twenty inches deep, containing over one million feet.  
The petition against conventual institutions, raised in England, is said to have borne 117,000 signatures, and to measure three quarters of a mile in length. Forty thousand signatures were obtained in London alone.  
Mattress, a Chippewa chief, was put in his little bed in the St. Croix valley, Minn., last week. He was one hundred and one years old, and might have been older if he had not smoked tobacco and drunk fire-water.  
An encouraging sign of growing prosperity among the Italian people is found in the increase of deposits in the savings banks from 94,000,000 francs in 1855, to 445,000,000 in 1874. The increase is in the part of the country north of Rome.  
A verdict has been rendered at Auburn N. Y., in favor of a man who recently sued the New York Central Railroad Co., asking damages for being ejected from a drawing-room car, into which he had gone because there no seats left in the ordinary cars.  
A man in Nevada, shot by robbers, recovered consciousness in time to hear one of the rascals say, "Had we better shoot him no?" to which another replied, "No; I guess the cuss is dead." He wisely kept quiet until they had departed with his body.  
When a Denver husband misses the wife of his bosom at meal time nowadays, he don't yell for the police, or rush around the neighborhood asking everybody if they have seen Mary Jane. He just walks down to the auction room, puts his head into the door and sings out: "Mary Jane, them beans is biled!"  
In the First Lodge of Jerusalem, it is said, the master is an American, the past-master an Englishman, the senior warden a German, the junior warden a native, the treasurer a Turk, the secretary a Frenchman, the senior deacon a Persian, and the junior deacon a Turk. There are Christians, Mohammedans, and Jews in the lodge.  
They have a way of doing things at Potteville which may be fun for lookers-on, but it is death to the lawyers. A party of Germans had a supper, which went against them. They became so enraged at the sheriff's office, and their lawyer into the sheriff's office, and he only escaped from them by jumping out of a window.  
The chairman of the vigilance committee, who was instructed to duck an obnoxious citizen, then reported to his constituents: "We took the thief down to the river, made a hole in the ice, and proceeded to duck him, but he slipped out of our hands and hid under the ice. All our efforts to entice him to come out failed, and he has now had his start some hours."